

**WOODWARD
VETOES**

**FENCE
RESOLUTION**

**Declares Contractors
Have No**

**Right to Use the
Streets**

of Atlanta.

Mayor James G. Woodward has vetoed the resolution passed up by council at its last meeting authorizing the Calhoun estate to erect a fence in the street at the corner of Broad and Alabama streets.

At a former meeting of council a similar permit was rejected, and the mayor ordered Chief of Police Beavers to notify the contractors to move the fence back to the sidewalk.

"The streets and sidewalks belong to the people, and the city council has no authority under the law to allow contractors or any individual to use any part of the thoroughfares for private purposes," Mayor Woodward said Saturday, commenting on his action.

"I consider the crossing at Broad and Alabama streets to be the most dangerous in the city, especially so now that Whitehall Street has been partly torn up and vehicles forced to use Broad and Forsyth streets."

The mayor's message to council is as follows:

"I return to you without my approval the resolution passed at your last session, giving a permit to build a fence in the street at the corner of Alabama and Broad streets. At a former meeting of your body, you rejected this same request. This possibly is the most dangerous corner in the city of Atlanta."

"We have at the present time a joint committee appointed from the chamber of commerce and the general council looking into the matter of street congestion. The central parts of the city are very much crowded with the ordinary business of the city. While it has been, in the past, the policy of the city to allow owners and contractors to build these fences and obstructing the general passageway of the public, the city of Atlanta has arrived at that point in its progress that it can no longer grant such permits in our central congested business streets. Many other cities other than Atlanta, yet with their streets no more congested than ours, do not permit such obstructions. The corner of Broad and Alabama streets, as I say, is one of the most congested and dangerous corners in the city, made so by the great number of street cars at that corner and the large amount of vehicles and ordinary street traffic taking that direction in order to avoid the Whitehall street viaduct."

“I am firm of the opinion that the general council should grant no more permits for blockading the streets through the business and congested sections. Besides, I thoroughly believe that all such permits are illegal. I do not believe that the city authorities have power to blockade the street or any part of a street. The streets are public highways and every person has the right to such streets and no one has the right to impede travel through such thoroughfares. I am thoroughly convinced that Atlanta has got to cease giving such permits and there is no better time than the present to make that beginning.”

“Aside from the reasons given, I am convinced that the action of your general body is illegal from the fact that you are attempting to set aside an ordinance of the city by resolution. While I do not wish to appear in any way as attempting to retard any kind of improvement, I am thoroughly satisfied that this action is the proper course in this matter.”

PDF PAGE 12, COLUMN 1

***ATLANTA SNAPSHOTTERS CARE NOT WHAT
BECOME OF***

***THEM IF THEY GET THE PICTURE--THE
PHOTO'S THE THING***

By Britt Craig.

It's no child's play, this business of illustrating the day's news.

For instance, take a look at Francis Ebenezer Prince a-top the Healey building in position to which the city editor evidently assigned him in the fond hope that he would fall. Nobody, it seems loves a newspaper photographer but himself. Not even vengeful city editors, who couldn't get out their papers without them.

Then, take a slant at Francis Eben doing a Beachey on a bail and chain above a skeletonized skyscraper. No, don't think what I know you're about to think. This honestly is Kid Price's first experience with a chain and ball. He vows that it is the first time he has ever been associated with such adornment.

See the flame and brimstone Brother Price had to endure in order to get a newsy fire fighting picture. When this particular picture was turned in to the city editor, the city turned a merciless eye on the photographer:

"Why didn't you get the faces of the firemen?" he asked.
"There's no news in the rear exposure of a herd of firemen."

WHAT HE IS

HIRED FOR.

"D'you expect me to step over in the fire and do it?" queried the photographer.

"Certainly. That's what you're hired for."

And that's the sentiment of every city editor in the country. If photographers did all their editors expected of them there would be fewer photographers and more corpses.

See that picture wherein the two ladies are concealing their coveted features with fans! Well, that's a situation the newspaper photographer encounters in every work day. That day isn't normal when the camera man fails to meet antagonism from the fair sex.

Certainly they don't want their pictures taken by an ordinary newspaper photographer who can't touch up the plate and take out the wrinkles and moles and insert a dimple. They wouldn't mind, however, if it was for the society page.

But in connection with news, never!

The very idea!

Likewise—

The nerve of some people!

Scan the collection of choice mugs behind the battery of cameras in the illustration. These men covered the Frank trial for the three Atlanta papers, pestering unwilling witnesses and making life unbearable for persons who happened to stumble into the limelight along about that particular time.

A SUGGESTION

TO WILSON.

That picture is of a gang you could stack against the whole of Mexico, Huerta and the rebels combined, and depend upon Mexico hoisting the white flag in a hurry. You don't have to take any single somebody's word for it. Ask the witnesses and folks connected with the Frank trial.

Ask Daisy Grace. Ask Grace.

Ask Mrs. Applebaum. Ask Frank.

Ask anybody who has ever been of public note.

Note the fighting expressions. That's their job, fighting. Fighting for pictures, fighting each other, fighting for all they got and failing many, many times to get all they fight for. It's all in a day's work.

Happy-go-lucky sort of fellows, carefree, dauntless, unappreciated, they're the real men behind the guns. They're read adventurers of life, and every day with them is a drama, a copious adventure.

This morning they hobnob with stars in the social constellation. Tonight they go into the submerged tenth to mingle with the groveling snipes of the under strata. They see and know every phase of human nature, they are adaptable to any situation.

However, this isn't intended to be a treatise on the newspaper photog

At the top, a group of Atlanta newspaper photographers lined up at the courthouse during the Frank trial, when snapshotting ran riot. Reading from left to right, they are: Winn, of The Journal; Matthewson and Brown, of The Georgian, and Mills and Price, of The Constitution. The next picture is Price, at the top of the Healy building, getting new bird's-eye view of Atlanta. At the right, Price is seen as he was hoisted to the top of the building by a derrick. At the bottom, left, is shown a remarkable picture taken by Price of a fire at a Marietta street stable; at the right, two witnesses at the Frank trial, who were too quick for the photographer.

rapher. My admiration for the profession is driving me astray from the orders given by the Sunday editor, who would take pains to walk around the corner to avoid a treatise on anything from politics to dyspepsia.

Personal vanity is one of the photographer's most effective assets. Not that he himself is afflicted with it. Did you ever see a sartorial model behind a news camera? No, neither did anybody else. It's the vanity of his victim on which he banks.

SNAPSHOTTING THE SHARPSHOOTER.

One little instance:

Not so very long ago, three photographers from three Atlanta papers went on an out-of-town assignment to photograph a woman had gained wide distinction for marksmanship through the somewhat difficult feat of putting six bullets within the space of an inch into the anatomy of her husband.

She was in jail. The town was considerable distance from Atlanta. The photographers arrived at 5 a. m. The only train on which their plates could be shipped to Atlanta in time for press was one which passed at 9:35 a. m. They were confronted by a situation which demanded instant action.

It would have been possible to obtain snapshots for the pretty prisoner as she left the jail at 10 o'clock on her way to commitment trial, but this would be too late. The only plan was to obtain posed pictures in jail. A note was sent to the prisoner. She POSITIVELY refused, which the camera men expected.

A caucus was held. It ended in this:

First –

A note from Photographer No. 1:

“My paper has a picture of you, but it does not do you justice. A good many wrinkles show, and the eyes are blurred. I have orders send in a picture. If I do not get a good photograph, I will be forced to use this bad one.”

Then this from No. 2:

“The only picture I have of you is one that was taken in 1890. I am sure you do not want it published, which will be done unless I get a good picture.”

Which was followed by this from No. 3:

“My paper is in possession of a picture of you in a kimono. I am sure you would not wish it to appear in print, which will be done if I do not get a good likeness of you.”

**PLAY ON HER PRIDE,
YOU PLAY THE ACE.**

Result:

The prisoner requests an audience of the newspaper men, the outcome of a contest of feminine obstinance against a knowledge of human weakness.

Were there any such things as the bad pictures? Certainly not! But the prisoner wasn't taking chances. The photographers knew she wouldn't.

To balk at an assignment of any nature, no matter how difficult or prospectless, means the professional death of the newspaper photographer. It was during the Appelbaum murder case that the Atlanta men fought so hard for pictures of Mrs. Callie Scott Appelbaum, central figure in the noted Appelbaum murder mystery.

Mrs. Appelbaum always went heavily veiled, guarding against the battery of cameras she invariably faced whenever appearing outside her cell. Every conceivable effort had been made to obtain a likeness of her. She had always managed to thwart the newspaper men. Even an artist, who had smuggled himself into her cell under the guise of an architect who was supposed to be drawing plans for reconstruction of the room, found her face covered with a newspaper the moment he came into her presence.

For days the newspapers went without picture, of the woman. Finally, in desperation, the city editor of a local paper order one of his staff photographers to get a picture of Mrs. Appelbaum under any circumstances. Simultaneously, the city editors of each paper gave the same order to their staff men. It was the day the prisoner went to the undertaking establishment for a last glance at the body of the victim.

OFTEN THEIR ZEAL IS MISGUIDED.

She went, as usual, thickly veiled. Two photographers secreted themselves in an ante-room of the morgue in which the body lay. Their presence was unknown by anyone connected with the establishment. She moved into the dimly lighted morgue on the arm of Deputy Sheriff Plennie Miner.

As she kneeled beside the body, she lifted the veil to kiss the brow of the man of whose murder she was suspected. As her lips touched the skin, there was blinding flash, followed by the sound of scurrying feet as the photographer fled from the ante-room.

Mrs. Appelbaum reeled, instinctively snatching the veil over her face.

She arose and staggered into the arms of the deputy sheriff, who had jumped for the door at which the flash had flared. As the woman fell into Miner's arms, the second photographer, who had failed to make to an exposure, realized the intense value of the situation, and exploded his flash machine. His camera caught the woman reeling into the deputy's arms.

The identity of these two photographers is an unsolved mystery. The pictures, however, went unpublished. It was cruelly enterprising, but a feat that deserve a certain kind of hitherto unanalyzed laudation, and one which none but a newspaper photographer would have undertaken.

The photographer's quick wit is one of his saving graces and an invaluable asset. His swift comprehension of a situation and instant perception of news values border on genius. A snappy news picture in this day of modern journalism is far more worthy than a news story.

THE PHOTO'S

THE THING.

Francis Price, during the famous fire of the Brandon livery stables on Marietta street in 1910, was standing beneath the quivering brick wall of the wrecked building, snapping action pictures of the huge water tower, which had only recently been acquired by the fire department.

Suddenly the wall, with a tremendous groan, began to crumble. A shout went up from the crowd. Men scurried in all directions, firemen deserted their nozzles in flight for safety. Price stood in dire peril. Wheeling around, apparently oblivious to danger, he focused his machine and snapped at the wavering mess of brick and mortar. He had barely darted from beneath when the wall crashed to the ground.

All sense of peril seems to desert the good camera man in his zeal for newsy pictures. It is a kind of instinct that is imbued within him, born of the haranguing of city editors, the love of his work, professional pride and the love of good results from a good situation. Where sense of danger is absent, there is an especial providence, it seems, that guides and protects like the guiding instinct that drives a bird from poisonous herb.

Have you ever heard of a newspaper photographer meeting death in performance of duty? They die, some do, in dire circumstances—for, as I wrote a few paragraphs back, they are, for the most part, an unappreciated lot—but never on the job. Fate, it has been said, is partial to the courageous. And courage, some contend, is nothing more than a sort of obliviousness to danger.

It was an Atlanta photographer who probably gave President Wilson his greatest scare in a situation outside of presidential affairs and political situations. It was only a few Sundays ago that the president passed through Atlanta on his way to mobile.

A request had been sent ahead that no newspaper men or photographers be allowed at the tracks over which the president's care was to pass. Wilson, arriving in Atlanta, felt assured that he would not be annoyed by flashlights or questions that would border on anything from Mesic conditions to his menu for lunch.

While he stood on the observation platform of his car shaking hands with the crowd, two camera men erected their machines on the outer edge of the throng.

They were unobserved by the president. Suddenly, an unusually heavy charge of flashlight powder was exploded. It resembled the report of a gun. Wilson jumped back, frightened. Catching sight of the photographer, he leveled a warning finger, saying:

“Don't do that again.”

The second photographer, sensing the situation, took immediate advantage. His flash was exploded just as a secret service man bowled over the camera of the first photographer. The exposure caught Wilson in the unusual attitude, and the secret service man

Continued on Next Page.

PDF PAGE 17, COLUMN 6

*Atlanta Snapshotters
Care Not*

*What Become
of Them*

Continued From Preceding Page.

in action. It was remarkable picture, and worth a goodly price.

**NOT HALF-BAD REPORTER
—WHOLLY ROTTEN!**

Then, there are other situations beside those of a photographic nature to which the newspaper photographer must be equal. Not infrequently are they called upon to cover news

stories on which their papers have not put reporters. This generally happens on out-of-town assignments.

One instance of this kind I recall during the Godbee trial at Millen. A paper which was covering the trial with a special man from Savannah, found Savannah, found their correspondent absent from Millen on the day of the verdict. One of the paper's staff photographers was in Millen. He was ordered by wire to cover the verdict. He answered that, insomuch as his labors had been confined to photography, he wasn't sufficiently versed in the art of reporting to competently report the case.

Another wire was sent him:

"Write the story just as you would write a letter home."

His story, put on the wire a few minutes later, was in this form, more or less:

"Dear Herald: This is a bum town. I need more money for expenses. You needn't expect much story because I'm not intimate with a typewriter. Things look mighty blue for Mrs. Godbee. The verdict was guilty. Yours respectfully,

FRED."

Later, another telegram came from his office:

"Describe the scenes in the courtroom when the verdict was delivered. What did Mrs. Godbee do?"

It received this reply:

"There wasn't any scenery. This trial was held in a courthouse. Mrs. Godbee went to jail."

Still another. This one desperate.

"Did Mrs. Godbee cry, cuss or faint? Surely, she did something. Rush copy."

Reply:

“She’s too old to cry. She don’t look to me like a fainting woman. Women don’t cuss in small towns.”

With the result that the paper depended upon the A. P. for description and the peculiar antics of the prisoner at the time of verdict. However, photographers have enough to do in illustrating the news of the day without dabbling in reporting. Therefore, the hapless camera man received no censure from his office, which is uncommon in newspaper shops. Censuring is one of the most popular pastimes with the news executive.

WHEN THEY ARE SNAPPED AWAY.

There surely must be some Happy Hunting Ground for the newspaper photographers hereafter, some Elysia where there are no such things as obstinate persons who shield their faces and run from the camera. Where the city editor is a kind and loving soul who praises and never roasts. Where salaries are in proportion to energy and ability and the pink slip is unknown.

That portion of the public that daily finds itself in the center of unpleasant limelight, consigns the news photographer to every doom from Hell, Hull to Halifax, and, if there were no criminal laws, would doubtless homicidally accomplish that consignment. The S. R. O sign would stand at the entrance of Hades if every photographer complied with the wishes of victims of the day’s news.

However, when all is said and done, and the final records have been totaled, there is no other professional who deserves a happier Happy Hunting Ground.

BILL OF EXCEPTIONS IS FILED IN COURT

**Frank Case Is Now
Formally
Before Highest
Tribunal.**

**Argument in
December.**

With the filing in the supreme court Saturday of the bill of exceptions in the Frank case properly certified, all doubt was removed that the case will be argued on or about December 15.

Arguments in the case may be made both orally and by brief and it is probable that counsel will make use of both the written and spoken forms of argument. While the case will be set on calendar for December 15, it may be the several days after that before it is reached.

After the case has once been argued, the court will have until the opening of the second succeeding term, which begins next October, in which to decide it. It is not believed, however, that it will take anything like that much time and a decision may be expected the latter part of February or the first of March.